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## Tabby in a Baby Carriage

*Hell hath no fury like a scorned tabby.*

Faithful white whiskers protrude  
From beneath the pink baby bonnet,  
And Tabby peturbedly wriggles  
In a futile attempt  
to free her swaddled body. But

No animal is safe  
In four year-old hands.  
Boy  
and cat.  
Destination:  
Hell and back.

The up ward journey  
Begins. Slow-

ly, push  
ing, me

ow ing boy  
Trips on a wet-sided stone. But  
forg es  
through mold  
and ro  
ses to

reach  
the  
un  
bear  
a  
ble

Height.

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The peak  
Of Apple Hill.

All goes well;  
Until

A dry wind from the south  
Came ruthlessly  
Wildly *whisking boy cat carriage to the depth*  
*of hell one earth in a frenzied flutter of fur.*

The boy heard

The devil laugh  
In his ripped ear, or maybe  
It was only the vengeful screech  
of the tabby.

*Melissa Burden*